

The Beacon
Newport News High School
February 1922

Chesca Blazon



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The
First National
Bank
OF
Newport News, Virginia

CONTINUING

That Standard Adherence to True Banking Which
Has Stood the Test of Twenty-one
Success of 1 Years

OFFERS EXCEPTIONAL
SERVICE

Principal's Message

AMES BRYCE, in discussing individual responsibility in a democracy, has suggested that the life concerns of an average person occur in the following order of importance:

1. The occupation by which he makes his living.
2. His domestic concerns.
3. His religion.
4. His amusement and recreation.
5. His civic duty to the community.

Bryce further says that since civic duty is so far removed it fills a very small place in the average citizen's thoughts and claims a correspondingly small fraction of his time.

The endeavor of your high school is directed with the genuine purpose of removing this condition in the society to which it is responsible by giving the boys and girls here, a balanced education so that they may meet all of the fundamental obligations of life with a four square response.

The world has a definite place for men and women that do things in the right way; men and women who are not afraid of work; men and women willing to give themselves to the cause of humanity with consecrated service.

Your high school training has given you this high ideal. Your high school training has made it possible for you to render genuine service. Do not be carried away with a feeling of exultation on your graduation day, but be definitely conscious of your responsibility.

Fred M. Alexander

Class Roll

President.....	Franklin Blechman
Vice-President.....	Walter Day Bohlken
Secretary.....	Bessie Sibley Smith
Treasurer.....	Margurite Katherine Long
Editor.....	Louisie Beck Marx

Class Motto: "Non sine pulvera palma."

Flowers: Sunset Roses

Colors: Black and Gold

John Ankers	Inez Virginia Johnson
Susie Kate Ashburn	Esther Fulcher Kessler
Ruth Thomas Belle	Marguerite Katherine Long
Franklin Blechman	Louise Beck Marx
Ellis Phillip Block	Ruth Cary Meanley
Walter Day Bohlken	Charles Millhiser
Helen Rose Brulle	Clarence Franklin Norsworthy
Harry Aaron Green	Frank Leonard Pape
Cary Kabler Hudson	Dorothy May Ryce
Annie Lesley Hutchens	Robert Silk
Lola Hildegard Hynson	Bessie Sibley Smith
Ethel Beatrice Johnson	Mary Beatrice Vanderslice

JOHN ANKERS

"Jack"

"Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb
like the sun, it shines everywhere."

Treasurer, Philolethian Literary So-
ciety, '21.

Although outwardly light-hearted
and easy-going, he has high ambitions
and ideals. For an example of a boy
who has an even temper and is always
gentlemanly, we have John. May all
his desires be realized!

SUSIE KATE ASHBURN
"SUE"

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
a fig for care, a fig for woe."

Here is a quiet, unobtrusive little
Senior, who doesn't flaunt her colors.
Just the same she has plenty of school
spirit. We all envy Susie's easy-go-
ing, unruffled disposition.





FRANKLIN BLECHMAN
"Frank"

"So much one man can do,
That does both act and know."

Student Council '20.
President Philolethian Literary So-
ciety '21.

Debate '21.
Senior President '21, '22.
Business Manager Beacon Annual
'22.

Here is our valiant captain, who has
steered our class safely into port. It
takes a steady, dependable hand and
heart, and Franklin had both. He has
filled all his offices in an admirable
way. We expect big things of you,
Franklin.





ELLIS PHILLIP BLOCK
"Cutie"

"He looks and laughs at a' that."

Ellis is surely a good sport, ever-ready for a good time and a chance to air his opinions. He surely has a "good long line." Just strike up a fox trot and Ellis is in his element. You bet! And he is equally at home in his little two-seated roadster, too.

WALTER DAY BOHLKEN
"Bo"

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Student Concil '21.

Vice-President Class '21, '22.

President Philolethian Literary Society '21.

Walter is greatly admired and well-liked because of his good disposition and sunny smile. He takes a prominent part in all school activities. We are sure of his success.





HELEN BRULLE

"Tommie"

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
her infinite variety."

Assistant Treasurer Philolethian
Literary Society '19.

News Editor Beacon '21.

Class Will '22.

We all think Helen the best little
sport in the class. Let some one sug-
gest an escapade and she is the first
one ready. Usually though, she is the
firs tone to suggest it. Her giggles
are a continuous source of amusement.
Helen's gift of "silvery-tongued lang-
uage" is admired by many and enjoy-
ed by us all.

HARRY AARON GREEN
"Monkey"

"Then he would talk, ye gods! how he
would talk!"

Annual Play '20, '21.

Orchestra '18, '19, '20, '21.

Senior Scrap Bag '22.

This boy has afforded us a good
laugh many times. His "long line,"
his rollicking good humor, his "speed-
ing-up process" has made Harry a
necessary element to our class, but he
has plenty of knowledge as well. In
the last year Harry has learned to
dance and when it comes to drawing
a bow, just page Harry and his fiddle.



CARY GABLER HUDSON
"Bobbie"

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

A lovable disposition is Cary's greatest asset. Everyone knows that they have a friend in this gracious girl. Dependability is another of her enviable characteristics. When one calls upon her, she is ever ready to help. We are sorry to part with you, Cary.



ANNIE LESLIE HUTCHENS
"Bobbie"

'Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

Secretary Philolethian Literary Society '20.

This is our exponent of the Terpsichorean art. Annie is ever-smiling and she extends the hand of good fellowship to all. Good times, music, ice-cream sodas and gaiety belong to Annie. Here's our good wishes to you, jolly friend.





LOLA HILDEGARDE HYNSON
"Solitude"

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

Our Class is proud of its studious members. Lola is quiet and serious. She does her work and does it well, and in her we have another "silent booster." We wish there were more like you, Lola.

ETHEL BEATRICE JOHNSON
"Bee"

"Is she not passing fair?"

How serene and even-tempered Ethel is! Always attractive and well-dressed, she is a girl to be noticed in a crowd. Ethel has a wide circle of friends because she is a very likable girl.





INEZ VIRGINIA JOHNSON
"Boots"

"Hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat."

Her sweet, serious expression has fooled many. Inez appreciates a good joke and will say lots of witty things, if one just takes time to listen. Inez can play the piano and she plays well.

ESTHER FULCHER KESSLER
"Dignity"

"True humility, the highest virtue."

Who would think that this quiet unassuming little girl is one of the staunchest supporters of her class and school? When one calls for help she will cheerfully respond. Esther does not talk much, but when she does others stop to listen.





MARGUERITE KATHERINE LONG
"Margie"

"Her heart is as true as steel."

Treasurer Senior Class '21.

Class Poet '22.

There are few girls so absolutely dependable as Marguerite. She has proven this to us by her efficient work as Class Treasurer. We all like girls like you, Marguerite.

LOUISE BECK MARX
"Boimingham"

"All her faults are such that one loves her still the better for them."

Debater's Medal '20.

Triangular Debate '21.

Secretary Philolethian Literary Society '21.

Treasurer French Club '21, '22.

Editor-in-chief Beacon Annual '22.

Salutatorian '22.

Class Prophet '22.

Although she figures largely in all school activities, it is her own personality that has gained such popularity for Louise. The best thing one can say is that her success has not ended in conceit. Louise's hardest task in her high school career has been to make her deportment marks equal her high scholarship.





RUTH CARY MEANLEY
"Rufus"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Treasurer Commercial Department
'21.

As a general rule, Ruth is shy and modest, but just wait until the teachers give too long assignments then—But, keep it up, Ruth, we like your spirit.

CHARLES MILLHISER
"Long Boy"

"Is this that haughty, gallant, gay
Lothario?"

Annual Play '19, '20.

Senior Presentation '22.

Debate '22.

Now we come to the Romeo of the class. Charles can surely talk and gee! How many are the times that some member of the fair sex has led him a jolly chase. But alas! As yet, he hasn't found an ideal Juliet. You bet, though, Charles knows how to get "A's" on Chemistry.





CLARENCE FRANKLIN
NORSWORTHY
"Bunny"

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

We might call Clarence our "ole Reliable." In our tempestuous class meetings, our heated arguments, and our great variety of opinions, he stands by and supports the right side. Clarence keeps his counsel to himself and for that we honor him.

FRANK LEONARD PAPE
"Joe"

"A proper man as ever trod."

Class Creed '22.

Here we have the perfect gentleman, manly and courteous. We believed that the whole dignity of the Senior Class rested upon his willing shoulders and we considered Frank quite reserved and dignified until Esther's Xmas Party, but we know that our conservative gentleman likes a good time, too.





DOROTHY MAY RYCE

"Dot"

"I have no other but a woman's reason. I think it so, because I think it so."

Student Council '20, '21.

Class President '20.

Annual Play '20.

Secretary Philolethian Literary Society '21.

Secretary Commercial Club '21.

Vice-Secretary Philolethian Literary Society '20.

Third Honor Student '22.

Class Historian '22.

Dorothy has her opinions and does not hesitate to give them. She is our best all-round girl. The ready knowledge on a great many things gave her third honor. Her jolly manner and wining smile has made her many friends.

ROBERT SILK, Jr.

"Trotsky"

"The man of independent mind."

Student Council '21.

Vice-President Philolethian Literary Society '21.

Vice-President French Club '21.

Chairman Progressive Committee Commercial Club '20.

Opinions and ideas of his own, he has and you bet he has no fear in expressing them, but we honor a man who tells us what he thinks, despite opinions of others. It's funny how Senior boys find so much enjoyment in the company of "Freshie Maidens," isn't it?





BESSIE SIBLEY SMITH
"Bebe"

"What thou art, we know not."

Class Secretary '21.

Secretary Philolethian Literary Society '21.

Basket Ball '19.

Critic Philolethian Literary Society '21.

Valedictorian '22.

Bessie is different. She is a mixture of seriousness, common sense and a light vein of foolishness. A growing capacity for a great store of knowledge led Bessie to be the shark of our class. With her splendid talents she cannot fail to succeed.



MARY BEATRICE VANDERSLICE
"Venus"

"A maiden good to look at, sir, and oh! so jolly."

The girl with the Golden Locks! With the twinkling eyes and delicious sense of humor, she welcomes all fun. Many have succumbed to her wiles. Good luck to you, Beatrice, in all your conquests.



We found ourselves, four years ago, a crowd of green, wide-eyed, nervous Freshmen in the yard of the John Daniel School Building. I think we all stood in the yard and gazed at those Seniors, those Juniors, and even those Sophomores who dared to venture on the steps of that edifice.

When a bell rang to summon us to cross that threshold to High School, did we lead the great rush to the Assembly Hall? Alas, no. We followed meekly, that crowd of upper classmen, who were not excited at all—no, not one iota. Even those IB's who deemed themselves "Educated Rats," appeared so sophisticated that we did not even dare approach them. Our reception into High School was a cordial one. The older students were glad of our presence because of the opportunity it afforded them to say "Rats, Rats, Rats."

At last everyone was dismissed from the Auditorium except us. We were to remain to plan our courses of study. Some of us took "Business." Maybe we thought we would be secretaries or maybe thought of that "Caesar," which we would have to take in our second year of Latin. Many, though, decided to wade through their Latin and not learn to perform on an Underwood at 20 words a minute.

In our first year we learned so many things; all about schedules, curriculums, study halls, cutting classes and even military training. How often we went to the Casino at double-quick time. Folk-dancing was always a delight. Why, when we went down in that hall to folk-dance, even those haughty Seniors came to watch us. We had no sooner learned to chain-step and how to perform in a May-Day Pageant when our first semester was over.

We felt almost like Sophomores when we came to Walter Reed, but we were still "Rats," only slightly educated. This term, we lost five weeks on account of the "flu" epidemic.

In our second year we descended the stairs and filed into Rooms 9 and 10. We really were progressing. The only remaining task was to slide around to Room 1. In this year, we associated with Juniors but not Seniors. In our

English classes we learned the art of debating. Even today some of our members retain their love for argumentation.

Next, we found ourselves in Rooms 6 and 7. Here we encountered Geometry as well as English Literature. We had thought that when we learned that X plus Y was XY we had completed our course in Math, but when we found how to prove that Triangle ABC was equal to Triangle CDE, almost all of us decided that Trigonometry must be absolutely foolish. What else could there be to know in the Mathematical line? Only those who took Trigonometry have found out. It was in this year that we began active work in the Literary Societies. Some of ours was astounding. We felt the real responsibility of helping our school. We realized that we were a part of it and that we should boost it always. Now, there was never a school function but our class figured in it. Contributions were even made by us to the Orchestra and Dramatic Club.

At last, one year ago, we dropped every tie which bound us to our timid, bashful ways and became Seniors spelled with a capital letter. We thought of graduation. It was drawing nearer and nearer. Soon our days at High School must end. It was then that we realized the amount of work we had accomplished and also that which was yet to be done to become the possessor of a coveted diploma.

We must perfect our French and Latin so that we might converse with a real "Monsieur" or an antique Roman, or write a book that was translatable; we must know enough of Math to be able to dissect triangles, circles, parallelograms, and the like, or to place a, b, c's, or x, y, z's in such splendid array on a sheet of paper that a professor would know it was an algebraic equation and not an attempt at rearranging the alphabet! we must know History and English so well that we might trace wars galore or read and appreciate classical literature as well as write essays, stories, or poems; and if we selected business we must be able to take dictation at 80 words and typewrite at 40.

Some pupils have found that they must stay in the School longer to obtain their required units, and we are sorry, indeed, to have to drop them from our roll. Some, in the course of the four years, found it advisable to stop school to work, and even some have deemed it wise to enter the matrimonial field. Those whom you see here are a survival of the fittest—16 of the original 83 who entered with us four years ago, six pupils who have been retarded and two who have come to us from other schools.

We cannot now but regret that we are leaving our old High. We feel that the Principal and the Faculty are our sincere friends and friends who have so greatly aided us in our work by their always cheerfully given counsel.

We realize that High School is even a better place than we pictured it before we crossed its threshold and we shall always wish it Godspeed.

We have helped all we could. You will find that our members have participated in every field of school life: athletics, literary societies, orchestra, dramatic club, glee club, Beacon work and the Student Council. We have co-operated with our leaders and have helped our High to be successful in its undertakings, so as we must leave its halls at last, we can only wish for our Alma Mater, a radiant, golden-hued future.

DOROTHY RYCE.



CREED

In this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-two, we, the class of February '22, are just entering into the game of life. School days are gone but they have given experiences which are invaluable to us now. We are a unit of mankind whose duty in life is to further the ideals of Democracy. Our creed will help us. We have loyal unfailing faith in it. Adhering to the ideals it embodies, the future will hold great possibilities for us.

We believe in the earth as the theatre of man's activities wherein each shall try his skill in the game of life. We believe that each shall do his part toward the betterment of the world and the furtherance of the ideals of Democracy.

As a class we pay our respects to the man who has safely led us through the past four years and who is a true friend and counselor of the student body, Mr. Fred M. Alexander. We believe in the Faculty who made it possible for him to direct us patiently in our search for knowledge during our High School years.

We believe in Athletics as a great factor in developing the morals of our students and in maintaining the fine spirit of our school. We believe that the Newport News High School will continue to develop the power to win under the supervision of our able coach, Mr. Webb.

We believe in "The Beacon" as a literary publication and as an example of the versatility of the students of our High School. It is a medium through which the talents of our High School may find an outlet to the public.

We believe in the spirit of our school, and that while we have that spirit our superiority can never be questioned.

We believe in our class colors, the orange and black; colors of which we will be forever proud.

We believe in our motto: "Palma non sine pulvere"—Not without dust is the palm of victory.

We believe in the School Board as having the welfare of the High School at heart and as being helpful always in obtaining increased educational advantages.

We are fortunate in being citizens of a state and nation which foster education and help lay the foundation for future citizenship.

We believe in Virginia, the Mother of States, having no equal.

We believe in the United States—example of pure Democracy—the home of Liberty and Equality.

Above all, we believe in God, our Creator and Preserver.

FRANK LEONARD PAPE.



BEST DANCER
ANNIE HUTCHENS

WHO'S
WHO —



— PRETTIEST —
BEATRICE VANDERSLICE



MOST HANDSOME BOY
"BO BOLKEN"

FEB.
22



— WITTIEST —
INEZ JOHNSON.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is your privilege tonight to hear the last will and testament of the Class of February, 1922, of the Newport News High School.

Being at the point of death, the aforesaid class deems it fitting to dispose of her worldly goods. My client has endeavored to distribute impartially those qualities which she has struggled so hard for and endured so much to amass.

Here then, the document which has been lawfully drawn up and duly sworn to:

We, the February Class of 1922, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do declare and publish this as our last will and testament, thereby declaring null and void any other request made at any time by us.

First: To our Alma Mater we bequeath our love and our happy memories, forgetting the trials and tribulations of our four year's career.

Second: To our Principal, Frederick M. Alexander, we can only leave our respect and honest appreciation in return for the help he has always been ready to give us.

Third: To our Faculty, whose mammoth task it has been to steer us safely thru our studies, we express our sincere wishes for a long period of repose. We request the Faculty to destroy any incriminating evidence of ours, such as report and deportment marks.

Fourth: To all student activities of the school, our congratulations for past achievements, and our best wishes for unceasing successes in the future.

Fifth: We bequeath our place in the life on the school to the incoming Senior Class. May the uphold it worthily.

Sixth: We leave our dignity and learning to the "Rat" Classes who are very needy in this respect.

The following are bequests made by the Seniors to various pupils of the lower grades. They may seem insignificant, but they really consist of the Graduate's most outstanding characteristics, and should be accepted in the spirit in which they are given:

1. John Ankers, our paragon of sense and nonsense, bestows these gifts upon Milton Rutter.
2. Susie Ashburn, a calm, easy-going, never excitable young miss, leaves these desirable traits to Eugene Pugh.
3. To Elizabeth Duval, the affection of Ruth Bell for Miss McKenzie.
4. Franklin Blechman and Louise Marx bequeath their perfect understanding to Elizabeth Berkely and Mr. Lorene Bennett.
5. To Isadore Nachman is left Ellis Block's vast knowledge of French.
6. Our youthful Apollo, Walter Bohlken, wills his manly beauty and blushing tendencies to Benny Jacobs.
7. To Martha Paxson, the quiet, unassuming manner of little Harry Green.
8. Lola Hynson wills her low, sweet voice to Julius Conn. This will produce a surprising effect in Julius.
9. Anne Hutchens bequeaths her prompt attendance at school to Frances Gray.
10. Ethel Johnson wills her proficiency in the art of eye-rolling to Florence Fitchett.
11. To Eddie Travis, the wit and humor of Inez Johnson.
12. Esther Kessler, the dignified and sedate member of our class, bestows these possessions upon Charles Cohen.
13. Marguerite Long wills her troubles as class treasurer to some Freshman, who is "green" enough to take them.
14. To Grizelda Jones, the vamping ways of Ruth Meanly.
15. Charles Millhiser wills his winning ways with the ladies to John Hoban.
16. Clarence Norsworthy and Frank Pape will their quiet, gentlemanly attitude in English period to the 4A class as a whole.
17. Dorothy Ryce leaves her good scholarship to Anna Jester.
18. Robert Silk wills his curly hair to the first applicant. Apply early as Robert is very anxious to dispose of this gift.
19. The original giggle of Bessie Smith to no one. We would never be forgiven to bestow on any one such a giggle.
20. Beatrice Vanderslice wills her Hampton beau to any one who is fortunate enough to get him.
21. Cary Hudson can find a real aspirant for her good sportsmanship in only Lutie Madison.

To this document, we, the Class of February, 1922, as witnesses, do set our hands and seals this first day of February, Anno Domini, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-two.

[Signed] HELEN BRULLE,
Class Executor.



MOST DEPENDABLE.
CARY HUDSON



BIGGEST NUISANCE
LITTLE HARRY.

F
E
B.
1
9
2
2



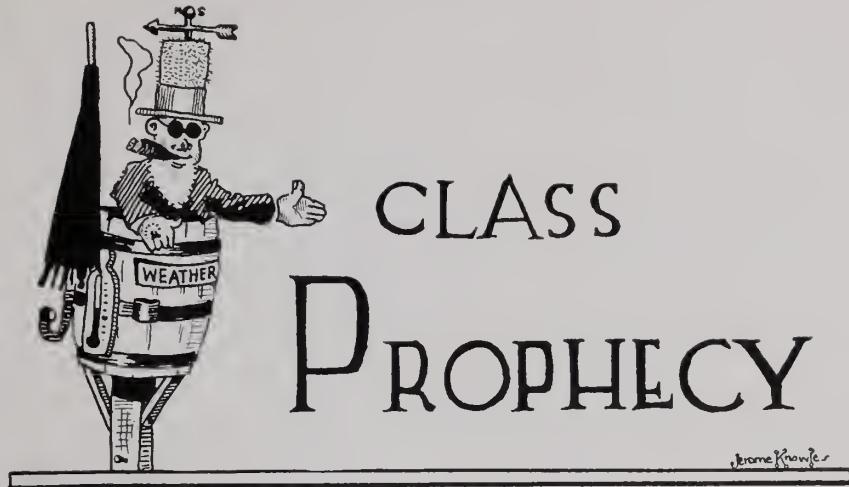
"US SENIORS"



MOST STYLISH.
ETHEL JOHNSON.

INSIDE DOPE

	Favorite Expression	Favorite Occupation	Want to Be	Will Be
John Ankers	"Whachashay"	Acting foolish	Preacher	Dancing master
Susie Ashburn	"Who's got a comb?"	Studying history	History shark	Disappointed
Ruth Belle	"Dorothy"	Dorothy	Teacher's Pet	Book seller
Franklin Blechman	"Someth'n like that"	Collecting money	Banker	Tax collector
Ellis Block	"Ah! "Naw!"	Driving his roadster	Financier	Theatrical Mgr.
Walter Bohiken	"Listen"	Looking handsome	Lawyer	Cosmetic Mfg'r.
Hellen Brulle	"Gosh ding! Where's the mirror"	Chewing	An English Teacher	A gum demonstrator
Harry Green	"Now don't git bad!"	Talking	"Jazz" player	Organ grinder
Cary Hudson	"Aw, go on!"	Being a peacemaker	Tennis champion	Keeper of candy shop
Annie Hutchens	"Taintnothin' different, must is"	Dancing	Irene Castle II	Dance reformer
Lola Hynson	"Gracious"	Translating type books	Married	Designing old maid
Inez Johnson	"Hello, Cutie!"	"Rolling her own"—Eyes	Heart breaker	School Teacher
Ethel Johnson	"Does my hair look all right?"	Fixing her hair	Foot	Hairdresser
Esther Kessler	"That's all right, honey!"	Writing themes	Author of books	Vampire
Marguerite Long	"That certainly is the truth!"	Copping quarters	State Treasurer	Mint Inspector
Louise Marx	"Don't cha know?!"	Writing letters	Sec. to a millionaire	That depends on him
Ruth Manly	"Huh??"	Kicking about French assign'ts	Teacher	Chorus girl
Charles Millhiser	"Stop!"	Flirting	"Arrow-Collar" Man	Comedian
Clarence Norsworthy	"Yes'm!"	Studying	Doctor	Heart specialist
Frank Pace	"Sure!"	Disillusioning his classmates	Dentist	Toothpaste drummer
Dorothy Ryce	"Really!"	Typewriting	Secretary	Artist's model
Robert Silk	"Well—"	Arguing	Senator	Bolshevik
Bessie Smith	"I'm mad with everybody!"	Giggling	Old Maid	Cupid's victim
Beatrice Vanderslice	"No?!"	Powdering her nose	A "Folly" Girl	A Hampton Belle



For many years I had been taking courses from the renowned French telepathist, M. La Classe. It believed it was possible to communicate with my friends, at any distance whatsoever. One day the happy thought came to me that I should get in communication with my old High School chums of the class of February and see what had become of them. For long weary hours I concentrated upon the old days spent in that renowned institution, the Walter Reed High School in Newport News, Virginia. At last there comes before my eyes a vision. It's hazy, but wait, there appears a stately figure, clad in a long trailing costume of jade green. Yes, she is in a Fifth Avenue shop, the mist is clearing—it is Ethel Johnson, the model there. See how stylish she looks. I am not surprised though, because Ethel always dressed attractively even in her High School days. I remember now, we made her the most stylish girl in the class of February "22".

I see a different part of the city. It is in the Italian district, a man is standing on a soap box violently expostulating. He is waving a red flag, his light, curly hair can not be mistaken. It is none other than Robert Silk, teaching the Italians the principles of Bolshevism.

Ah! What a magnificent masion!

In the gorgeous drawing room sits a distinguished looking lady, with hair piled high on her head. Why, its Bessie Smith. Bessie used to fix her hair that way once in a while when she was a mere child. It's very becoming now. A closer look reveals a small Pekinese dog, on the great chair to her right is a little curly poodle, and at her feet lies a huge wolf hound. Bessie looks perfectly happy and contented. She was always very fond of dogs in her youth.

The next picture before me is on the beach in California. Two attractive maidens are diving from a springing board. Why, they are Ruth Meanly and Lola Hynson! They are doing exhibition stunts for the movies now.

The haze deepens, it grows dark, I can see no more. But wait, in the distance is a tiny school house, a complacent looking woman sits at the desk,

books are piled high on either side. The teacher is Ruth Belle. She gives her pupils better marks, if they read books for extra credit.

Now before me looms the White House at Washington. The President is holding a Cabinet meeting. Gracious me! Who is the distinguished looking woman whom they call Secretary of the Treasurer? Of course, it's Marguerite Long. She was very capable as a class treasurer and her fame has been spread far and wide.

The picture shifts, there is a huge ranch in the west. Riding a wild bronco a splendid looking man appears. Of all people—it's Clarence Norsworthy. A woman comes to the gate to greet him, what a kindly face she has! Can that be Susie Ashburn? Clarence and Susie seem quite happy on their ranch. They have been married for five years.

I must concentrate. The pictures come in quick succession. At Keith's Palace Theatre a famous juggler heads the bill. Can I believe what I see before me? John Ankers is on the stage catching six balls at one time. It's funny how Fate changes our destiny. John always desired to be a Methodist preacher.

Before me the figure of a man glides. Yes, he is dancing quite gracefully. He seems to have a dancing school. Why, of course, I should have known that Ellis Block would become a dancing master. He always loved to fox trot when he was a High School boy.

I am excited, my perspective widens! The Colgate factory comes to my sight. A young lady is posing for an advertisement for tooth paste. She has her mouth open, showing her pearly teeth. Of course, I shouldn't be surprised. It's Helen Brulle. The position is quite suitable for Helen as I have never seen her with her mouth closed. I'm glad she didn't miss her vocation in life.

What an aristocratic looking town! Why, it's Hampton, Virginia. On the porch of an attractive looking house sits a glorious looking young lady. She has golden hair and twinkling eyes. Beatrice Vanderslice could never be mistaken. It is said that she has broken the hearts of every youth on the Boulevard and in Hampton. Tomorrow is her wedding day. She has decided to marry her first love, a Hampton man.

I see a huge auditorium. At the desk a tall, black haired man raps his ring for order. Somewhere I have heard him rap his hand on the desk for order and his ring jingles continually. To be sure, it's Franklin Blechman. He is the speaker of the House of Representatives and he still must rap for order as he used to do when he was holding class meetings in the class of February '22.

Ah! What are the headlines of that newspaper? It says that Charles Millhiser is the most famous Shakespearian actor of the age. He plays Romeo more wonderfully than Shakespeare himself could have imagined. His Juliet is quite marvelous herself. She is Kathleen Smith.

Before a desk sits a good looking woman. She has black hair and fair complexion. Her jolly smile is surely attractive. I do believe its Dorothy Ryce. She writes fairy stories now for fifteen magazines. Last year she won a prize for fifteen thousand dollars, having written the best story for a childrens' magazine. Dorothy's English teacher used to marvel at her interesting stories of Fairyland.

In front of a shoe shine parlor stands a handsome man. He bears a remarkable resemblance to the most handsome boy of our class, Walter Bohlken. Walter is in the shoe shine business. One of Walter's greatest faults in his youth was being late for school. He always used to stop to have his shoes shined.

Ah! What a marvelous looking court and what a crowd of people. Cary Hudson is going to play for the woman's tennis championship of the world. Cary loved to play tennis when she was a young girl. Sometimes she could be seen on the casino tennis court at 7:30 in the morning during our summer vacation.

Over the door of a famous beauty parlor I see this sign: "M. Inez Johnson, Beauty Doctor." At last Inez Johnson is in her element. She surely used to know how to put the most wonderful wave in her hair. Her curly coiffure was the envy of every girl in the February class of '22.

Our class produces one great virtuouso: I see Harry Green. After studying years in France he has decided to tour the United States. He plays the violin so exquisitely, it is said that when he touches his bow to his instrument that there isn't a dry eye in the whole theatre. His music has so enthralled his soul that Harry scarcely speaks any more. He must be a changed man. I remember Harry as a talking machine of perpetual motion, when he was a student in Walter Reed High School.

I am amazed. The scene before me is dazzling. Near a calm, blue lake ten beautiful girls in fairy like costumes are dancing. To the right stands the graceful woman, Annie Hutchens. She looks just the same, but she has taken up aesthetic dancing. She has abandoned all her college steps and dances altogether on her toes now.

How weary I grow! My senses reel—my head aches, but I must see one more vision, but no, I cannot, I am tired so tired, but I must see just one more. Ah! I see a light, all is plain to me. A dignified looking woman steps into a limousine. She still retains her shy, modest look. Ah! I recognize her, it is Esther Kessler, the most dignified member of the class of February '22. She and Frank Pape are married. Frank is the great Wall Street Magnate. He has made more money than Rockfellow ever heard of.

I have seen all my friends of the class of February '22.

Fate does play her funny jokes! Ah! A sharp, piercing ache goes thru my brain. The exertion has been too great—the visions fade away and a dark, black, impenetrable curtain falls and I can see no more—it is black—Oh! so dark and black.

WHO'S WHO-



MOST POPULAR BOY
FRANKLIN BLECKMAN.



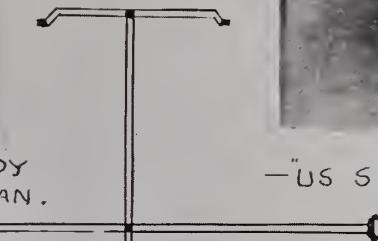
—US SENIORS.—



BEST SPORT —
BIGGEST GIGGLER
HELEN BRULLE.



MOST POPULAR GIRL
LOUISE MARX.



FEB.
—
R R-



LITERARY

REMORSE
HELEN BRULLE

February '22.

Panic reigned aboard the "Eugania." Half-dressed people were frantically struggling to gain the life-boats. Frightened children were clinging to their mothers' hands; while the crew was vainly attempting to best the fire.

A stooped, gray-haired man, fear stamped indelibly upon his wrinkled face, was pushed along by the force of the throng. He heeded neither the women's groans nor the children's screams. He was face to face with Death and all his past life stood plainly before him, for he was sure his day of reckoning had come. Oh! that he could meet his Fate with a simple, trusting heart! Alas! he knew too well he could not. A life spent in wrenching hard earned money from helpless widows and in piling up all other kinds of ill-gotten wealth prevented that. He had been a grasping, lawless, criminal, and now he would get his just deserts. Oh! he was sure of that. Had not his mother taught him that from his earliest infancy? If she had not died—But she had died, and willingly he had broken every rule she had laid for his guidance. God! how he regretted it all. His last chance gone, he could make no retribution.

A hand upon his shoulder roused the old man from his trance.

"You may get in this life-boat," said the Captain, kindly, "All women and children have been provided for."

A ray of hope shot thru the man's brain. Would he after all be saved? An instant later, crouched with many others in the little boat which so bravely breasted the sea, he shook history

head desparingly. The little boat was tossed terribly by the huge waves. Frequently, a great breaker entered the boat; and he had to bail constantly. His fear of death was very great; his trembling was not due to the cold.

Several women, diverted for the moment from their own troubles watched him covertly.

"'Tis the millionaire Swinson," whispered one.

"Ay," said another, "He may well tremble at the thought of his tainted millions. In times like these, a body is glad to be poor and honest."

Mr. Swinson heard this and devoutly wished that he was poor and honest.

"Oh, God!" he murmured again and again, "give me one more chance, I'll pay it all back. I'll never get another penny dishonestly."

But deep down in his heart, something small but vital whispered, "You wouldn't, you couldn't, so beggar yourself. Every cent you have was gained by shady practices."

His reverie was broken by joyous cries from his fellow passengers. A cruiser was in sight! Steadily and surely the little boat approached safety. Suddenly all fear left the man. He would be saved! If there was a God (as his mother had told him) he had deceived that God seeming repentance. For now with safety in sight, he knew that he could never, never give up the money he had been forty years in amassing. It was too much to expect. He was only fifty

years old (tho he looked seventy) and would with doubt have thirty years more in which to increase this wealth.

With mock gallantry, he insisted that all other passengers and even the sailors should proceed him in mounting the rope ladder.

His gray hair shading his gleam-

ing, calculating eyes, his clothes clinging wetly to his body, he mounted joyously near the top, he turned for a last defiant look at the sea.

That look was his destruction. He had counted his success too soon. His foot slipped and he fell headlong into the foaming deep never to reappear.

(B)

THE LURE OF SCIENCE

HARRY GREEN

February '22.

The last rays of the setting sun streamed through the window of the sequestered room. Casting its golden rays upon the walls, it seemed to set the room aglow with fire. Along the walls could be seen bottles and tubes. Tables were strewn with generators and distilling apparatus. In fact, there was in evidence all the paraphernalia necessary to equip a laboratory for the scientific and experimental work of the great scientist and chemist, Dr. McBorough Jarl.

Dr. Jarl had wonderful perseverance of character, calm, cool and austere. The perspiration stood out upon his forehead. The weather had been extremely warm and he had laboured continuously for thirty-six hours without leaving his laboratory.

These hours of long, hard labor had produced in him periods of insanity. In the ecstasy of his madness he had come upon the solution of the problem for which he had striven.

"Now, I can do as I wish," he mumbled. Immediately he examined the dreadful solution and poured it into a little vial and put that in a curiously shaped Chinese trinket, having a secret opening. Knowing that the new discovery was dangerous he carefully hid the formula, to prevent anyone ever learning the nature of the dreadful menace. Having concluded his work, he went into his library

chuckling hoarsely to himself and muttering in an undertone. His spell had again taken him into its clutches and he audibly said, "At last, at last, I am the first one to find it. They will fear me, they will learn who I am. This continued until, at last, tired and gaunt from overwork he fell into a deep slumber.

When he awoke he went to his laboratory to see whether he had left anything incomplete, and it was then that he discovered, to his amazement, this his treasured vial was missing, vanished as if it had gone off into space. He was perplexed by this but feared to say anything, knowing that he would be given a long term in prison for creating and allowing this deadly menace to escape into society.

The next week found the city of Chicago in the clutches of one of the most perplexing and unheard of diseases in the history of science and medicine. It astounded the greatest professors and doctors in the city. Every method and means was tried to check the disease, but failed.

Steadily and rapidly the death rate increased until the inhabitants began to die by the hundreds and thousands. This aroused the police and everyone tried to find the cause or nature of this malady.

One day in the Chinese quarter of . . . city, a lone detective, O'Riley by

name, chanced to pass by a curious and low shaped oriental shop. In the hopes of finding some clue, he entered and appeared to gaze at the ornaments and trinkets nonchalantly. Immediately the Chinaman inquired what he wanted. In order to assume an unsuspecting appearance he asked for an article. The clerk, hobbled to the rear of the store and brought forth a curious trinket.

"Me sellum cheep, me no likee keepe him, sellem for \$1.50." He examined the article and saw no immediate need for it, but the chinaman persisted, "Me buyee for \$2.00, no neede him, buyee laste week." At once O'Riley became interested and noticed that the Chinaman seemed anxious to sell it, just to get rid of it. He bought it and upon reaching his quarters he immediately placed the trinket under an X-ray. He was amused, or rather very much interested, for inside lay a vial which contained a small amount of liquid in which could be seen tiny organisms in motion. Becoming perplexed he decided to take this to the police headquarters.

Upon arriving there he explained his experience and the leading scientist was summoned, who was given the details of the exploits of O'Riley. Having difficulty in determining what the nature of the contents of the vial might be, he summoned several other leading scientists and chemists. They were also unable to come to any direct or imported conclusion.

"We must call the attention of Dr. McBorough Jarl to this. He surely will be able to explain these mysterious germs," said one scientist, and upon his advice they set out to inform Dr. McBorough Jarl of this vial, for which they could find no immediate or comprehensive solution.

Dr. McBorough Jarl was working in his laboratory when they called and upon explaining the detective's story

and showing his trinket, he almost succumbed to his fears by crying out. How they had found his Chinese ornament, for it had gotten away from him, and how it had spread contagion to the community killing so many people, were questions which he was unable to answer.

They asked him to explain it and he did so, due to the fact that he had discovered it, but he refused further explanation until they had found the Chinaman and brought him to court.

The newspapers all over Chicago, and in fact all over the country were overflowing with the account of this wonderful discovery.

As the day for the court session opened, crowds waited to gain their entrance and hear what the world famous scientist, McBoroughjarl, had to say. Finally, the session began. There sat the Chink, in one corner, shrunken with fear and before the jury box sat Dr. Jarl, gazing steadfastly and serenely into space. He knew his time had come and the truth would be known sooner or later, making him a disgraced and.....well, he would be tarred and feathered,—nay, even worse than that. As he pictured all this he shuddered. He was brought back to himself as the judge rapped for order.

The Chinaman explained all that he knew, saying that a man had sold the trinket to him and as he needed money, persuaded the detective to buy it. Dr. McBorough Jarl testified next, suddenly as if an eruption had taken place, everybody in the court began shouting, "Dr. Jarl! Dr. Jarl! let's hear what he has to say, he can prevent all this;" Then, when the people grew quiet and order was restored, he began.

"This disease is very deadly and practically incurable. In the body of the rat family, there is a certain sort of fluid, which creates germs, these germs are what I hold in my

hand. First, they attack the people and cause death, leaving no clue or sign of struggle at the time of death of indicating in any manner its symptoms. The person seems merely to go to sleep and never awake."

With this speech the audience became intensely interested and regarded him with amazement, entirely dumbfounded.

Then, Dr. Jarl, realizing that he was on the verge of having another spell of insanity, hurried on, "At present, the formula to cure it is known and it can be checked, but without the formula never!"

Upon hearing this the audience immediately became excited and murmuring began to take place, but as he began again, a heavy sigh escaped the audience and he continued. "All my life I have studied the species of rats and at last I have discovered this

deadly menace. I, do you hear, I did it!" With that he swayed and tottered but continued, "The formula is hidden in my desk, take it and cure this dreadful malady for which I now pay my price!"

Saying this, he dropped dead at the foot of his chair, and after releasing the Chinaman and subduing the audience Dr. Jarl was taken away. Thus died the greatest scientist and chemist that the world had ever known, who in his desire to achieve fame, had destroyed thousands only to pay the price with his own life.

The formula was found, the vial destroyed and all the people cured thru the aid of this agent of destruction.

Thus died a great man, whom some appreciate, revere and honor, while others, hate, loathe and think of him only in disgrace.

(B)

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

RUTH BELLE

February '22.

Bill Cameron, a fisherman in the village of Concord, set out early one cold December morning to his daily task.

There had been a terrible storm along the coast, the preceding night, and much wreckage had been washed ashore.

A few feet from his boat, Bill came to a sudden halt. He was too startled to further investigate the object of his excitement. When he had recovered from his shock, he slowly bent over the form of a little girl, not more than two years of age.

The unconscious child was hurriedly taken to the fisherman's home, where his wife immediately attended to the little one's needs. Mrs. Cameron anxiously watched over her, and it wasn't

long before she regained consciousness.

From the child's clothes, one could readily guess that she came from no poor family. Mrs. Cameron's attention was attracted to a small gold locket that she wore, and upon which, was neatly engraved the name "MARY."

The Camerons lost no time in trying to learn who her parents were, but in all their attempts, were unsuccessful. Therefore, little Mary became their adopted daughter, and was given every advantage the small income of Bill, who was now growing old and feeble, could offer.

Sixteen years have elapsed since the exciting adventure of little Mary, who has now become a beautiful

young girl, and is loved by all who know her.

The lovely June day was nearing its close, when Mary, accompanied by her little dog, Max, slowly wended her way along the narrow road which led to the neighboring farmhouse.

Max ran ahead of his mistress, but hastily returned, excitedly barking. This strange action was continued 'till Mary, fearing something had happened, quickened her steps, and upon reaching the sharp curve in the road, her eyes beheld the most horrible accident.

Here lay a man, his right arm broken and an ugly gash on the forehead. Upon regaining consciousness, Walter Burkhead saw, bending over him, a woman, whose face he would never likely forget. She rendered first aid to the wounded man, and later persuaded him to go to her home, where he was made very comfortable.

After her care for ten days, Mary's patient, now physically able to undertake the trip home, bade farewell to the occupants of the humble little home, where, in that short stay, and the company of his kind nurse, he had experienced so much joy and happiness.

Mrs. Burkhead was very much opposed to her son's friendship with this poor, country girl, whose father was only a fisherman. But, nevertheless, Walter realized Mary's sweet and loving nature, and her noble qualities which were constantly displayed to him.

He cared nothing for the society belles with whom his mother wished him to associate, and decided, that at last he had found one, whose companionship would ever be a pleasure and help to him. He firmly believed his mother would gladly agree with him when she met his friend, and determined to first, claim Mary as his

own, and then make her acquainted with his mother.

When Walter Burkhead broke the news to the Camerons of his intention to marry their daughter, the aged couple felt it their duty to relate to this young man, the story of Mary's life.

It was hard for Walter to realize the truth, but he at once recalled the account of a wreck as related to him by his mother, and the details of which tallied so closely with those told by the Camerons. Was it possible that this might be his lost sister? Disturbed by such a report, Walter telegraphed for his mother to come to Concord immediately.

Upon the arrival of Mrs. Burkhead, the fisherman's wife lost no time in bringing forth from her treasures, the dress that Mary wore when she was found, and the same little locket upon which was the name "Mary." Mrs. Burkhead identified these as the self-same garments and jewelry her own little Mary had worn on that fatal day more than sixteen years before. Mr. Burkhead arrived in response to a telegram, that evening. A long conference ensued between the two families, and when Mary and Walter returned from a boat-ride, a greater surprise than ever before, greeted them. Walter was not the son of the Burkheads, but an adopted child. Mr. and Mrs. Burkhead had decided to care for him on the death of his father and mother, who had been killed in a wreck in France. The two families had been life-long friends, and Walter received the same love from his fosterparents, that he would have expected if his own mother and father had lived.

Of course, both thought this news was entirely too good to be true, but they knew their friends better than to suspect them of such deception.

Arrangements were at once made

for Mary to attend college, at the end of which time her parents faithfully promised that if neither she nor Wal-

ter had experienced a change of affection, they would gladly consent to the marriage.

:(B):

HAPPINESS.

LOUISE BECK MARX

February '22.

At the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge mountains, lay a sequestered little town, bounded on the north by the majestic ridges, that seemed to raise themselves into the heavens, and on the east a gurgling little mountain stream wound its course seaward. It was said by the inhabitants of Greenvale that the grass was always greener, that the mountain air was always purer, and that the water was more refreshing than any other place in the entire Blue Ridge range.

It was a day in late October. The sun sent its last fiery red rays down thru the green foliage of the tall mountain trees. The heavens above glowed with a warm, rich hue. Thru a quiet little lane, vivid with the warm rich colors of autumn, walked a girl. Her little red tam allowed a few strands of chestnut hair to escape and it coiled in soft wisps over her ears. Her sweater was buttoned half way towards the neck and then it folded back in a big roll across her shoulders. A closer glance at the girl revealed rosy cheeks, a row of pearly teeth, two adorable dimples, a small, well-formed mouth, that gave every indication of the fact that the girl was pretty. But as the girl trudged thru the lane, she was neither frowning nor smiling. A little fleeting look of something very akin to disgust swept across her features. Suddenly, she drew her brows together, then let them expand, and at the same time a glorious smile over spread her face and changed her whole expression. It was as if some

one had, by magic, modeled a new countenance. With the smile still playing on her lips she ran lightly into the yard of a pretty little house.

There was a long, rambling porch, overrun with late autumn roses. The grass was changing from green to drab and brown. To the right was a garden brilliant with zenias and other flowers. The girl opened the door and went in. In the parlor, sat a little, kindly faced woman. Her head was a mass of slowly graying hair and lines of care were beginning to show on the once beautiful forehead.

"Hello Mommy," said the girl, as she quickly went toward the little woman, bent over and kissed her.

"Dear Cynthia, how tired you look," answered her mother sweetly.

Then Cynthia and her mother sat and talked till the day slowly darkened into twilight. After that lights were lighted and the mother and daughter busied themselves with the evening meal.

Cynthia Cameron had lived in Greenvale all her life. Cynthia's mother had spent her girlhood in a big city of many thousands of people. Mrs. Cameron's parents had been very wealthy people. They had lavished all their love and money on their one beautiful daughter, Maryland. She was sent to an exclusive girls' college, had made a wonderful debut into society and had been the honoree at many brilliant affairs. In Maryland's second season as a debutante, she met a brilliant young professor, who quite captivated her heart. Within a

few months Maryland and Professor Carmen were married and they went to live in Cambridge, where his duties as Professor called him. After several years, Mr. Cameron's health began to fail. He was totally unfit to carry on his heavy duties, so he and his young wife decided to go back to Greenvale, Cameron's early boyhood home. By this time, Mrs. Cameron's parents had both died and it was found that their whole estate was practically worthless. The young couple were happy, only the gradual weakening of Mr. Cameron cast a shadow over them. Here it was that Cynthia was born and in the following autumn God called Mr. Cameron to eternal rest.

Cynthia had thus grown up in Greenvale, loved by all. She was now the teacher of the little school and found real joy in her work, but as the year grew on, she began to feel a yearning for a bigger city, a broader life and more opportunities. As the months passed, this became the one great desire of her life. She wanted with her whole soul to go into the world and see life.

Cynthia's mother sympathized with her, but she dreaded the thought of being left alone without her daughter to comfort her.

Several weeks later, Cynthia was sitting on her porch. As she looked up her heart gave a peculiar little twitch. She saw Tom Mason come thru the gate. With the people of Greenvale, Tom Mason was almost a Deity. He had gone to New York for his education. After he had received his Dr's certificate, he had become associated with one of the most famous physicians of New York. Dr. Mason's success was assured and he was recognized throughout the country, but he was not finding happiness. He yearned for the scenes of his boyhood. He wanted to smell the piney trees, to see the gulping stream and to walk

down the little lane. He wanted the kindly people of Greenvale as his friends, but above all he wished to be near Cynthia. For a few years now, he had been steadily building up his practice in Greenvale and in the surrounding country. He was waiting for the time when he might build a little home and take Cynthia as his helpmate in life.

As she and Dr. Mason talked, Cynthia poured out her desires to him, as she had never done before. She wanted to leave Greenvale for a while, she wanted to see big, bustling, jostling crowds. She wanted to go to theatres, to big balls, to concerts. She desired eerything which Greenvale could not offer her, and so she ended with a sigh, "Tommie I am really quite unhappy."

Tom loved Cynthia and would have given anything within his power to make her happy. He knew the separation would hurt him, but he decided to give her what she yearned for. Tom had a wealthy friend living in New York who was in need of a secretary. Cynthia was suggested to him and so all preparations were made.

Cynthia's heart beat wildly as the train came whistling in. At last she was to be taken away on the same train which she had watched come puffing in for nearly twenty years, ever since she could toddle. Good-byes were given to the crowd gathered around her and before she knew it, she was being borne away into the great big world that Cynthia pictured as filled only with rosy clouds.

Months have passed. We find Cynthia taking up her life in Mr. and Mrs. Austen's magnificent home. Mrs. Austen's magnificent home, more like a daughter than a secretary. Mr. and Mrs. Austen loved the girl and were doing all in their power to make her happy. Cynthia had become acquainted with people in many

walks of life. She knew great artists quite intimately. She dined with authors. Men, who seemed to own mints of money were hers to take or leave. She went to brilliant concerts —she rode in autos costing thousands of dollars, she was invited to balls given by the most exclusive society. At last she was wearing gowns of silk and satin. She possessed a wardrobe filled by one of the most stylish of Fifth Avenue's modists.

Two brilliant years had passed and Cynthia had paid only the short visit to Greenvale. Wherever she went, Cynthia was petted, advanced, flattered. She was one of "Society's Darlings," but with it all she was not spoiled. Sometimes she didn't have much enthusiasm, over things, but she thought she was just a wee bit tired. Another year went by and still Cynthia climbed society's ladder. As Xmas drew near, a brilliant ball was to be given in her honor by a French count. It was nearing midnight on Xmas Eve, the brilliant affair was in full swing. The Count came to claim Cynthia for his dance. At last, the Count proposed to Cynthia and she refused him.

That night Cynthia retired. Her whole soul was aching with the pain of unhappiness. Gradually it had been coming on her. She was disgusted with shallow admiration. She was tired of being courted, of being

admired and flattered by people who only considered her looks and not her soul. She was tired of her company being bought with limousines and balls. She was disgusted with it all. She was unhappy and tired, oh! so tired. Her thoughts wondered back to glorious sun sets of Greenvale. She pictured again the majestic mountains, the fresh gurgling water, and her own little rose covered porch. She pictured again the adorable little children she had taught in the little school house. She thought of her patient mother, but above all, she thought of Tommie. Her eyes at last were opened to his splendid manhood and his real worth. She realized that she needed Tommie and her place was in Greenvale. She wanted, oh! so very earnestly, to trudge down the quiet lane, to smell the piney trees, breathe the pure air and meet Tommie and walk with him, yes walk with him to the end of the world, if needs be.

The whistle of the train blew once again. Practically all Greenvale was there to greet her. She got off the train and smiled. It was a glorious smile that came straight from the heart, when the soul is filled with sunshine. After the crowd they walked straight down the little lane to the banks of the stream, and Cynthia at last broke the silence, "Oh! Tommie, this only is real happiness."



THE BEACON

COMMENCEMENT SUPPLEMENT

Published Bi-Weekly During the School Year by the Students of the
Newport News High School

Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1919, at the post office at
Newport News, Va., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



COMMENCEMENT

What a world of meaning has that word—Commencement! It is the goal, the great culminating point of every student's life, looked forward to, toiled and suffered for, through many long years of earnest effort. The great day is not entirely out of the minds of the tiniest tot in the primer class, and as you grow and advance each term Commencement comes to mean a little more to you.

Commencement is really one of the big events of life. We once knew a girl who, very much thrilled on her Commencement night, exclaimed excitedly, "Well, I may get married, but I know it will never mean as much to me as graduation!" That may have been an extravagant statement, but it illustrates just how important boys and girls feel Commencement to be. All your life in school, you are preparing for all the rest of your life out of school, and it is with vastly different vision that you see the world when you find that you have finished "preparing." To use the ancient hackneyed term, you "launch your ship on life's sea." That is the thought nearly always brought out by the valedictorian on Commencement night, and is in the mind of almost every student as he or she takes the long-coveted diploma.

It is true that we do not leave school without some pangs, but to recompense many are the heart beats of pride when we realize that we have stayed in the race until we have reached the goal—Commencement!

A NEW SCHOOL FROM A NEW ANGLE.

Comes the announcement from the Dramatic Club that a new play will be presented during the month of February. And also comes the ever occurring realization that our facilities for producing plays is quite inadequate and out of keeping with the type of plays projected by the Dramatic Club. We need a new High School from the standpoint of play production, for it is thru this medium that the High School hopes to influence Community spirit and taste in the uplifting and upholding of the standards of modern drama.

We plod along with the Dramatic Club in High School when no adequate facilities are to be had in the shape of a comfortable auditorium, and large enough stage with all its necessities. In the last three years six standard plays have been produced under almost unsurmountable difficulties. The plays are of a type that most schools pass over as being too hard to give. An example of that was "The Merchant of Venice," the last play that we gave. We have heard of no High School in the state ever attempting it, yet if the criticisms of the production were sincere, then we made a wonderful success of that very hard play. The production called for such a stage that it could not be given on the High School stage but had to be transported to a local playhouse. The High School has outgrown itself in this respect.

We have no facilities in the present school for giving plays as they should be given. There are so many obstacles to be surmounted that it is almost disheartening to attempt a production. In the first place the auditorium is bad, very bad. To enter it you have to face the entire audience, stand the scrutiny of the people already seated and under the gaze of everyone, advance to your seat, arrange your wraps and finally sink down in an extremely uncomfortable mood, wishing all the while that you hadn't come. It is ten times worse if you are late and the show has started. Then if your seat happens to be on the side you have to crane your neck awkwardly to see the play because the stage is so situated that only a good view can be had from the center section.

Next comes the stage itself. It is so small that a play requiring a reasonably large cast would be out of the question. Only a simple stage set can be used, and this one set with a very few modifications, has to stand thru the entire production for there is no place to store it back of the drops. The scenery has to be placed tight against each wall so that enough room will be given the actors. To help this, as much as possible, the stage was extended out into the audience, but it has hindered the production considerably. We refer to "She Stoops to Conquer." The interior set had to be put on the extended part of the stage, and when the curtain went down it covered the part of the set on the regular stage while the remainder of the set reposed placidly on the extended stage in full view of the audience. The actors in the production have to enter from the hall in full view of the people seated on the side rows. As

there is no place to stand off-stage due to its smallness, the actors have to stand outside in the hall and wait to be summoned by someone when their entrance is near. They dress and make-up in one of the class-rooms, with a very, very poor light to make-up by and no cleaning facilities at all. The costumes have to be thrown down on one of the desks to await their use. The light is so inadequate that making-up is really guess work. Finally you apply the grease-paint, don your costume, then rush down the hall and enter the stage in full view of a part of the audience.

In the new school, that one that is to be, there must be adequate seating capacity, adequate chemical and physics laboratories, adequate facilities for physical education and an adequate place in which to give our plays. Surely, if we have shown ourselves capable of giving "Midsummer Night's Dream," "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Merchant of Venice," well enough to merit the praise of critics and professionals, then we believe de deserve a modern equipped stage and auditorium to continue our dramatic productions.

A MODEST DEMAND

In one of the text-books that is studied in our school there is a statement to which we object. It is a statement in regard to Edgar Allen Poe, and runs something like this: Poe was born in Boston, educated in Europe, and spent most of his literary years in New York.

This statement is so absolutely typical of that pernicious and widespread policy of cheating the South of her merited honor that loyal Southerners, and, not only loyal Southerners, but all those who are loyal to, and observant of, Truth and Justice, cannot help but take offense. It is not the veracity of the statement itself that we challenge, but it is the vast amount of truth that the author has failed to mention. For Edgar Allen Poe, greatest of American poets, is linked fast and forever, with Baltimore, with Virginia and with the South. We cannot understand why his life as a Southerner is not mentioned in this text-book, but we feel that it is probably omitted for the same reason that other authors and historians have left from their pages all facts that reflect glory upon the Southern States.

We do not want the deeds of our fathers magnified. We do not want the glory of the South added to. All that we of the South ask is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We do not demand that the South be raised to a place of exalted importance. But we do demand, and rightfully, that we be given fairness and justice, and that in histories of the Civil War, national literature or any other matter of true importance the stand of the South be accurately interpreted and that her actions be told not only with veracity, but be given the importance that is due them. In other words, the South and her people demand, simply and purely, the WHOLE TRUTH.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September 13—School opens.

September 14—Regular work begins, new courses offered, Spanish, Journalism, Mechanical Drawing.

September 23—First foot-ball game of the season. N. N. H. S. defeats Camp Eustis, 32-0.

September 30—School given holiday in order to attend Williamsburg Fair

October 7—Petersburg swamped by N. N. H. S. in record game of the season to the tune of 41-0.

October 14—All the starch taken out of Frankton as N. N. H. S. triumphs 62-0.

October 17—First edition of "Beacon" in news form. School buys 100%.

October 21—Ancient rival, Hampton, beaten by the close score of 7-6.

November 4—N. N. H. S. defeated by Maury High in a fast and hard fought game. Score 7-0.

November 7—Better Speech Week begins. Observed by special assembly programs throughout the week.

November 21—First appearance of Orchestra in assembly.

November 25—John Marshall loses to N. N. H. S. by score of 20-6.

November 28—Foot-ball season ended by a triumph over Portsmouth. Score 7-0.

December 7—School parade given in observation of National Educational Week. High School shows up splendidly.

January 3—Automatic thrift teller installed in High School. Many Students invest.

January 11—Basket ball season opens with Shipyard "Reps" defeated by High.

January 12—High School faculty defeats regular team by the score of 41-29.

—————(B)—————

Striving ever to gain new honor and prestige, the Newport News High has always made enviable records. This year has been no exception.

The foot-ball team made an enviable record, finishing second among the high schools of the State.

The orchestra has appeared at

many public functions and this is a good advertisement for the school. The literary societies also have improved under the new management. A new venture, the reading contest has been introduced and promises excellent results.

In the regular scholastic work, new

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courses have been added to raise the outside activities of the high school has gained the interest and co-operation of the Newport News citizens. Few people could realize the large number of pupils in the city schools, especially the High School until a parade was given. The showing of the High School pointed out clearly the need for a larger building and increased facilities. The "go-to-school" movement aroused the interest of the parents and gave them an idea of their children's school work.

The establishment of the thrift bank has been a great event in the life of the school. Students have responded cheerfully, and Principal Alexander is well satisfied with results obtained.

All the students seem ready and eager to save, and the bank is always surrounded by various investors.

However, perhaps the school's greatest achievement lies in spirit and good-will manifested by the students. They have entered whole-heartedly into almost every venture of the school term. Their spirit was sincere enough to hold up and even wax stronger thru the period of sore defeat. They are proud of their splendid foot-ball team and have supported it faithfully. And when all is said and done it is the spirit that makes the school. An even more successful term is anticipated, for it is the real desire for progress that ever urges us on to bigger, better things.

THE WISH OF A SENIOR.

(Juliet McCorkle)

I wish I were a little breeze
Blowing about all day,
Going how, when and where I please,
Nothing to do but play.

I'd blow upon the pretty flowers,
With colors all so gay,
And glide into the lovely bowers,
But out again alway.

In fall when leaves are turning brown
I'd waft them from the tree,
And whirl them when they reached the ground
With merry, dancing glee.

I'd aid Jack Frost but would not freeze,
And help the flags to furl.
Who would not be a little breeze,
Instead of just a girl?

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FOOTBALL

SEASON 1921

The Nineteen Twenty-One Football Team.

In September, 1921, some forty boys reported for the first football practice. Spurred on by the forward moving spirit of their school, strengthened by her athletic traditions and made confident because of the State Championship Trophy which they had fought for and won in 1920, these men were determined to make the new grid season the most successful and glorious in the history of the Newport News High School. More than half of the letter men had graduated, but splendid new material and the scrubs of 1920, men who had taken knocks and grovelled in the dirt that the big team might win, were available.

Coach Webb, honored and beloved by the school, had returned to the school for the new session and continued to impart his best football knowledge to embryos of the game. He was aided in his work by two men who have become, this year, much admired by the student body—Mr. Jones and Mr. Baldwin.

After weeks of strenuous practice the first game was played with Camp Eustis. And the first game was the first victory—32-0 in favor of Newport News.

This was encouragement and when, a week later, Old High won the first championship game of the season by swamping Oceana 49-0 with the third team, hearts grow prouder and more sure of victory than ever before.

But the men were not overconfident. Every day they went through stiff

scrimmage. "Excelsior" was their motto, and when, on October 7, the High School tilted with Petersburg she triumphed over the Cockade City by a higher score than that of the previous year.

After defeating Petersburg the thoughts of all students were centered upon the game with Hampton—then only two weeks off. The spirit of the school had reached its paramount. Every one was tingling with expectations and was impatient to clash with the school's ancient rival.

Franktown, who was met a week before the big event, was easy for N. N. H. S. and was beaten 63-0, many second and third team men being used.

At last the great day came. Hampton came over one hundred per cent strong, and, likewise, all Newport News turned out to see the game. The bleachers, set aside for local rooters, were a mass of waving Gold and Blue and in the grandstand where the visitors sat Red and White ran riot.

The game was one of thrillers and hair-raisers. At one time Hampton held the ball on Newport News' five-yard line with three downs to go. But the Webbmen held fast and the Crabbers, unable to penetrate, lost the ball. When Captain Tilghman, with the interference of his entire team, romped over for a touchdown late in the first period Newport News' stands went wild. Hampton scored in the next quarter, but Peake, less skillful than Terry Wood, failed to kick, and though both goals were threatened again, the game ended

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1921 FOOTBALL SQUAD

with the score 7-6 for Newport News. There was a snake dance between halves and a snake dance up the avenue after the game. For one day, at least, students of the school were happy—gloriously, inexpressibly happy.

The old rival was crushed, but work was not over for the High Schol. Two weeks without a game followed, two weeks of careful preparation for the Maury game. "Down with Maury" was the slogan, the watchword of the entire school. When the day scheduled for the game arrived the student body was keyed up to a high pitch of nervous intensity. At the moment nothing seemed of value but the winning of that game. Besides the longed-for victory, the usually coveted diploma seemed insignificant.

And at 3:30 that afternoon, proud, confident, urged on by the past, with victory within its very grasp, with the 1922 trophy gleaming before its eyes, Newport News High School lost.

It was a great game—a game that will live in spectator's hearts long after Old High's victories are forgotten. For in this game the school has proved that it was a good loser, and a game sport. Spirit did not lag when defeat was almost certain. The team fought on and the rooters cheered on—until the end. And Newport News High School played clean and she was beaten by a clean rival. It

was a skillful pass—a touchdown—7-0 stood the score. Maury had won!

Many tears were shed that night, but there was no sting in them. They were sportsmanly tears shed for the lost hopes and for love of the school and they did not stain the Gold and Blue.

Nor was the morale of the team broken by defeat. In the three remaining games the quality of the playing was as good as ever. Suffolk, John Marshall and Portsmouth alike went down in defeat before this indomitable team.

There have been championship teams put out by the school, teams that swept the state before them, but the team of '21 is the first team that has known how to wrest triumph from to prove that it can face defeat and disaster—the first team of the school conquer it.

The season is over and this little old pile of bricks with the splendid co-operation and glorious spirit of its students stands high in football circles. The "never say die spirit" prevails. Already students are looking to next year and particularly to next year's Maury game. The song of the hour is this—

The Gold and Blue will wave on
high
We'll win that game next year
or die.

Modern Times

First Small Boy—"If my mother knew I had cigarettes in the house she'd burn them up."

Second Small Boy—"I'll say mine would, too—and she'd bum a match off me for the first puff."

If a man is going to be a liar, he might as well get more than a local reputation.

She—"I think Jack's a coward."

He—"You don't mean the quarterback?"

She—"Why, yes; every time he gets the ball and someone else comes to tackle him, he throws it to someone else."

At signals they were demons all
Their one great, classic call
Was seven, come eleven;
Then the Black Boy took the ball.

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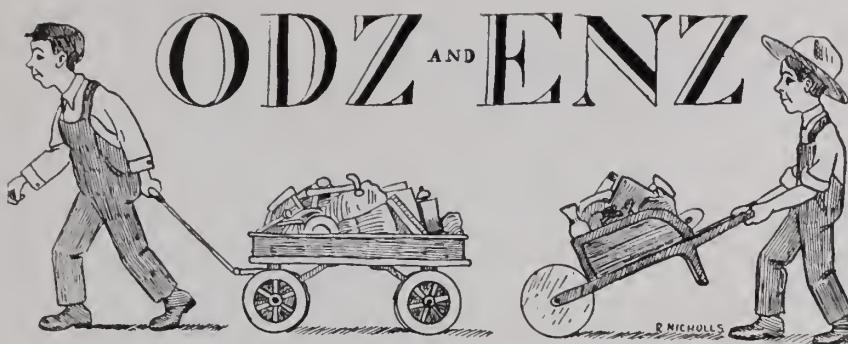
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THE INCOMING FRESHMAN.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Freshman, with thy cheek of tan,
With thy shyly awkward grace,
And the greenness on thy face.
With thy pantaloons so short,
And thy hair-cut newly bought
From a barber who should be
Lodged in some penitentiary
For leaving heads in such a plight,
Alas, alack, it is a fright!
Fear not the gleaming Sophomore's eye,
Thou hast more than he can buy—
Outward greenness, inward fear—
Blessings on thee, Freshman, dear.

Study lessons, one by one.
Nor stop until they all are done,
For when you start Seniorward
You'll not study half so hard;
Take up Caesar, if you you must,
But in a "pony" place your trust;
Be the teacher's little friend,
Bring her flowers without end.
It may help some distant day
To get that almost unknown "A."
Treat the Sophomore as such,
But do not treat him very much.
Blessings on thee, little man,
Live and laugh as now you can,
And in coming years you'll see
Just how green you used to be!

Ever since we were first able to jumble up the English language so bad that the ladies raved about our pronunciation being cute, we've heard about the Eternal Triangle. Now, we

don't pretend to be sophisticated enough to understand much about it, but if it's any worse than some of the triangles in our Math Book, then we're going to let it absolutely alone. And that's final!

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We have noticed the tendency among the so-called weaker sex to revert to the wearing of ear-rings again. Just another step in evolution, say we. Commencing a few years ago the regular old-fashioned cannibalistic war dance was revised in all its glory; now comes the ear-rings that the sprightly 250lbs. wives of the cannibal chiefs wore long ago. Why not, we say, hasten evolution still more by wearing a large ring in the nose, and then we'd be back in that delightful state where fried missionary was served for breakfast every morning.

The Thrift Machine.

I put a penny in the slot
(Oh, save for a rainy day)
To get a stamp—I got it not.
I turned and walked away,
For what's the use of getting hot,
It wasn't my penny, anyway!

Well, the mistletoe is now antequated, and so the youthful yap will have to fall back upon the automobile once more.

Second Simple Soul (indicating street beggar): "That bird has all kinds of money."

First S. S.: "What'cha mean, all kinds of money?"

S. S. S.: "Pennies, nickles, dimes and quarters. Yeh"

"On with the dance!"—and let those who haven't the necessary mazuma stay outside and listen to the music.

If any one should ask you, kind reader (we presume you are kind, or you wouldn't be reading this), if there is a moving picture booth at the High School, you tell them that there is. But if they ask you what kind of pictures they show it would be best to develop a sudden fit of dumbness.

Sounds Like Mother Goose.

Caesar walked down the broad avenue.
Went in a restaurant, ordered some
stew,
He took one gulp, and then he took
two,
And that was the end of Caesar's
stew.

Famous Sayings.

"Sink or Swim!" "Survive or Perish!" "Live or Die!" "Shave or Hair-Cut!"

In certain quarters of the literary world, so 'tis rumored, doubt has arisen as to whether or not Shakespeare actually wrote that which is attributed to him. Also, Dame Rumor has it, questions are arising which would leave the impression that Caesar was not the author of "The Gallic Wars." Now we do not profess to have an opinion either way, but if it's true about Caesar, then we believe that that relieves him of a deuce of a responsibility. Also, if it's true, we'd like to apologize publicly for all the things we've said in this column about "The Gallic Wars,"—for truly, Gaious Julius, we have nothing whatever against thee,—but even that's not going to stop us from turning our journalistic ire fullfledged against the bird that started "All Gaul is divided into three parts."

To us a guy may tell a joke,
It may be old enough to choke,
We laugh, 'cause if we didn't the bloke
Might get very sore;
Yet let us start to tell a joke
(The wrath of Greece do we invoke!)
And some bird's sure to up and croak
"Aw, I've heard that before!"

School teacher turns missionary.
Will volunteer for work in African jungles."—News headline. Probably she figured that she knew the ways of wild animals better than anything

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else. (She does if she's ever taught classes like some of those that we've seen).

We've looked over 25 High School publications recently and about 24½ of them started their joke columns like this:

"If these jokes are very old,
Their dryness makes you groan,
Just come along occasionally with
Some good ones of your own."

Seeing that it seems to be the prevailing fashion to start all joke columns like this, we suggest that they end in this fashion:

"If in here a few of them,
Made you blithe and gay,
We beg of you to send along
Some good ones, anyway!"

Another class has left High School. Which brings always to us thoughts of blushing graduates, flowers, tears, presents and unpaid class dues. But the point we wish to make is that another class has left High School. And having made that point, we'll leave it where it is.

"The four performers, two of which attempted to sing opera, were greeted with hoots, hisses, eggs and over-ripe tomatoes."—from a newspaper write-up. And yet they say that music hath charms to sooth the savage breast!

We might add that jazz hath power to inspire the savage feet.

A few philosophers say that some sort of a moral is to be found in every book. Tho' not desiring to engage in controversy with men wise enough to make such a statement, yet we've looked hurriedly thru our Math book, and we could find not even a small part of an iota of a moral, unless it be the one—"All that looks easy Aint!"

A man may drink and not be drunk,
Of him we'll take no note,
But the man that's drunk who's had
no drink

And does it just to make us think
He's drunk,—abducts our goat!

A modern dance is a good thing to go to, especially if you've got an old hat or overcoat that you want to exchange for a new one. (We hope the bird who developed such a liking for our hat last Christmas will read this and be withered by the sarcasm!).

If it wasn't for The Prince of Wales and "Babe" Ruth, a lot of newspapers would be hard hit to fill up space. We judge that conversation in several newspaper offices must run something like this:

Foreman of the Press Room—"Say, we gotta have some more copy for the sporting page. Got'n'y thing new?"

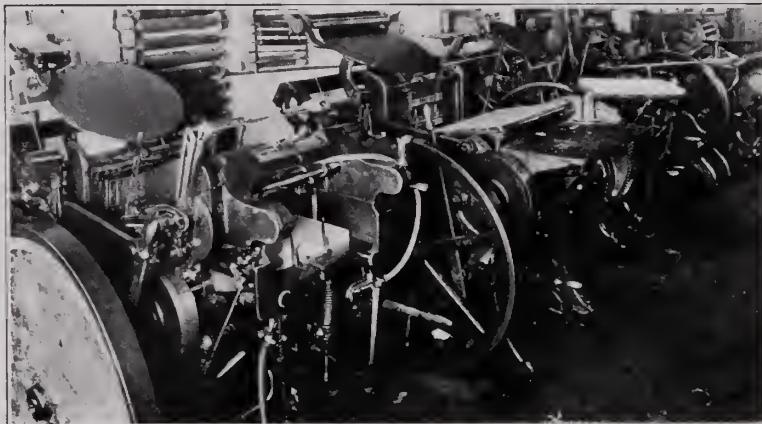
Managing Editor—"Hey, Blinks! Write something on the way grapefruit affects "Babe" Ruth's batting average. You might run his picture, too—label it "The Sweatty Swatter of Swat"."

And then the foreman of the press room will fill up two or three columns about the ubiquitous Ruth. Oh, well, it's great to be famous, we suppose.

All the world is dank and dreary,
The day is dark, I can't feel cheery,
The rain comes splashing thru the air,
Wetting things everywhere,
I splash and splash thru puddles deep,
And down my spine small chills creep,
My face is cold, the boreal breeze
Numbs my fingers, I freeze, I freeze,
The rain has changed to blinding
sleet,

It chills my nose and ears and feet,
I know I'll catch a cold from this,
And then I'll die, Oh, morunful pliss!
No more of water to wade thru,
No mor—(I've got to sneeze—a-aa-
achoo!)

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Oh, come little influenza germ.
Inside my breast I beg thee squirm,
And I will bid the world adieu—
(I've got to sneeze again—a-aa-
achoo!)

We've just finished reading a book of the so-called "light fiction" kind. And likewise we've just finished gnashing our teeth in terrible anquish and tearing our hair without regards to coming years. And the reason for this plebian outburst on our part was the fact that in the opening passage the author describes the girl as a sort of Venus and Aphrodite rolled in one, with "delectable eyes that seemed to gaze dreamily at you in a languorous Oriental way from under long lashes, yet which scrutinized you with a frankness that but made them the more tantalizing." Also "she had a smile for which men would have fought nations but to have it flashed upon them." Mentally we pictured a wonderful looking girl dressed in dazzling raiment. Slim of figure, with dainty feet and amber hued hair. Lo, with this very pleasing mental picture still fresh, we turned to the next page. And there was a picture of the girl! We gasped!

Instead of the girl of the slim picture (as we had pictured), there was a sprightly dame who looked as if she might have been the model for Fox's "Powerful Katrinka." Her features resembled the daughter of a brewery owner. She was dressed after the fashion of 1826, which made her look like a miniature tug boat. No doubt the artist got his earlier training painting pictures on sign boards. And thus the rest of the book was spoiled for us. We hereby take an oath that if we ever write a book we're not going to let anybody illustrate it, so that the reader may imagine the heroine beautiful, whether she really is or not.

Expert Testimony

A young foreigner was being tried in court and the questioning by the lawyer for the prosecution began.

"Now, Laskey, what do you do?"
"Vat do I do ven?"
"When you work, of course."
"Vy, work."
"I know, but what at?"
"At a bench."
"I know—I know, but where do you at a bench?"
"Ina factory."
"What kind of a factory?"
"Brick."
"Ah, now we're getting there. The factory makes bricks?"
"No, de factory is made of bricks."
"Oh, Lord! Laszky, what do you make in that factory?"
"Eight dollars a week."
"No, no! What does the factory make?"
"I dunno. A lot of money, I tink."
No, listen. What kind of goods does the factory produce?"
"Oh, good goods."
"But what kind of good goods?"
"The best dere is."
"Of what?"
"Of dose goods."
"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "I give up."

The teacher was having trouble with little Bobby in school. His deportment was a bit off color and so she was forced to take him to task.

"I'll have to consult your father," she told him.

"That'll cost you two dollars; he's a doctor," answered Bobby.

When Eve ate the apple

She wished at once for clothes,
Some girls of our acquaintance
Need apples just like those.

We wish you all a Happy Washington's Birthday.

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John Ankers in	"The Little Minister."
Helen Brulle in	"Tre Fool's Paradise."
Franklin Franklin Blechman in	"A Millionaire for a Day"
Ruth Belle in	"All for a Woman"
Ellis Block in	"Put and Take"
Walter Bohlken in	"Smiling Through"
Harry Green in	"Peter Pan"
Lola Hynson in	"Hidden Paradise"
Annie Hutchens in	"On With the Dance"
Cary Hudson in	"Know Your Men"
Inez Johnson in	"Oh! Lady! Lady!"
Ethel Johnson in	"The Frisky Miss Johnson"
Esther Kessler in	"Turn to the Right"
Marguerite Long in	"Back Pay"
Ruth Meanley in	"Rainbow's End"
Charles Milheiser in	"The Rffairs of Anatol"
Louise Marx in	"Lessons in Love"
Clarence Norsworthy in	"Dice of Destiny"
Frank Pape in	"Don't Tell Everything"
Bessie Smith in	"The Foolish Age"
Kathleen Smith in	"Dangerous Curve Ahead"
Beatrice Vanderslice in	"Wedding Bells"
Dorothy Ryce in	"The Time, the Place, the Girl"
Robert Silk in	"If I Believe It. It's So."

-(B)-

Signs That We Have Seen

At a movie: "Young children must have parents."

At a barber shop: "Patrons shaved in the back while shop is in repair."

At a store: "Empty boxes suitable for Xmas gifts."

At a jewelry store: "Blank and Company watches for women of exclusive design and distinctive shape."

In a tailor shop: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

In a nearby store: "Ladies ready to wear clothes." (And ye editor remarks, "It's about time.")

And lastly, in a newspaper: "Wanted, a flat by a couple with no children until Christmas."

A Vote for the Negative

She nestled close, in sweet content;
Not e'en a Borah's eloquence
Could make her want disarmament.

Emergency Call

"Is this the Fire Department?" yelled the excited professor of Chemistry over the telephone.

"Yes," answered a voice. "What do you want?"

"How far is it to the nearest alarm box? My laboratory is on fire and I must send in the call at once."

Now, You Chase Me?

Harvard Cheer-leader (as his team comes skipping into Palmer Stadium)
—"Now, boys, all together. Let's give three rousing cheers for fair Harvard.

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UNHEARD OF THINGS:

John Ankers—Acting silly.
 Susie Ashburn—Taking life easy with “a happy-go-lucky feeling.”
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 Franklin Blechman—Calling for order in class meetings.
 Ellis Block—Shooting off his “line of hot air.”
 Walter Bohlken—Giving one of his delightful maidenly blushes.
 Harry Green—Talking like an automatic machine built for “perpetual motion.”
 Cary Hudson—Riding home in a Ford after school.
 Lola Hynson—Being modest and shy.
 Annie Hutchens—Dancing to the tune of “I’m Nobody’s Darling.”
 Inez Johnson—Looking for the latest methods of “permanent waves.”
 Ethel Johnson—Using a powder puff.
 Esther Kessler—Being a conscientious little girl and lending her aid to those that need it.
 Marguerite Long—Collecting money on Monday morning.
 Charles Milhiser—Believing himself an animal of the jungle.
 Louise Marx—Rushing home every afternoon after school to see if there’s any mail from the University.
 Clarence Norsworthy—Keeping his own counsel.
 Ruth Meanley—Knowing her lessons in Social Problems “by heart.”
 Frank Pape—“Waking up” at Xmas parties when mistletoe hangs in abundance.
 Dorothy Ryce—Adoring members of the faculty.
 Bessie Smith—Trying to act like a 20th Century “Flapper.”
 Kathleen Smith—Telling interesting experiences of her’s every morning in the car.
 Beatrice Vanderslice—Dolling up to receive the “Arrow collar” man from Hampton.

(B)

History Note

“It’s all off for the night,” she cried, as she wiped her face with a towel.
 —Virginia Reel.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
 To have my hair bobbed, Sir, she said,
 And pray, my dear, what’s the big idee?
 To match my skirts, kind Sir, she said.

Expert Opinion

And speaking of Bill, the teacher asked the kids in school the other day for all those who wanted to go to

heaven to stand up. Bill was the only one who didn’t get up.

“Why, William!” said the teacher, “don’t you want to go to heaven?”
 “Not yet,” says Bill.

Irate customer: “I bought a car of you several weeks ago, and you said that if any thing went wrong you’d supply the broken parts.”

Auto dealer: “Yes?”

Irate customer: “I’d like to get a nose, a shoulder blade, and a big toe, then.”—Gargoyle.

He: “When I was four years old I was left an orphan.”

She: “What did you do with it?”

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At the Dance.

"I think Julius is trying to shake his girl."

"I think he is succeeding."

Charlie: "Say, Frank, Ethel is a funny girl."

Frank: "How is that?"

Charlie: "Well the other night I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on her chin and she said, 'Heavens above!'"

He: "Please give me just one."

She: "I can't."

He: "Why?"

She: "It's Lent."

He: "When will you get it back?"

—Wis. Octopus.

He: "Were you ever kissed extemporaneously?"

She: "No, anyway, I like the old-fashioned kind the best."

—Brown Jug.

A Two Cylinder Joke

Why do you call that car Regulator?"

"All other cars go by it." —Frivol.

Teacher: "Willie, where is the home of the swallows?"

Willie: "In the stomach."

—Record.

For once the kid was able to control himself when the time came. The teacher called on him to tell what was raised in Mexico.

"I know, teacher," he said, "but my pa's alles telling me not to talk rough so I can't tell."

Force of Circumstances

"So you want to become my son-in-law eh?" demanded the stern parent.

"I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter," replied the suitor.

—Jester.

4 A. M.

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

"Shu'no ushe. My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in the houshe."

He: "Turn your face this way."

She: "No, if I do, you'll kiss me."

He: "No I won't."

She: "Then what's the use?"

My mother told me not to smoke,
I dont.

Nor listen to a funny joke,
I dont.

She told me it was wrong to wink
At pretty girls or even think
About intoxicating drink.

I dont.

I kiss no girls, not even one—
In fact, I don't know how its done,
You wouldn't think I'd have much fun.

I dont.

"I wish I was in your shoes."

"Why?"

"Mine leak!"

"O, doctor, I felt so bad I wanted to die."

"You did perfectly right to call me."

There was a young singer named
Hannah,

Who was lost in a flood in Montana,
Her sister, they say,
As she floated away,
Accompanied her on the piano.

Fanny (endeavoring to sin): "La,
la, la."

'Lil' Beans: "Fanny, can you carry
a tune?"

Fanny: "Of course."

Beans: "Then carry it out and dump
it in the sewer."

He: "Do you want some more ice
cream?"

Fanny: "Only a mouthful."

He: Waiter, fill her dish."

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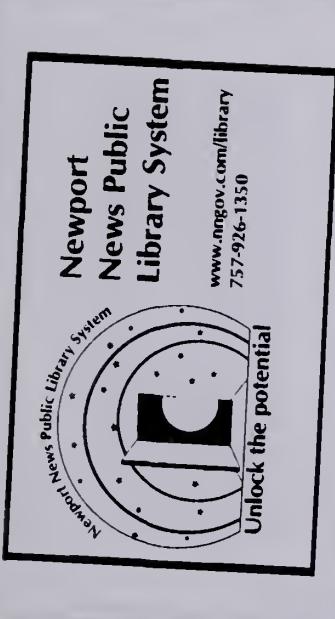
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